THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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THREE NOVEMBER DAYS.

WHAT BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR SAW IN 1863.

Bragg's Defeat—Mr. Taylor's Account of the Battles Before Chattanooga: Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge—Scenes and Incidents. The Fight Goes Bravely on.

From Little Classics.

THE FIRST DAY—TWENTY-THIRD.

It was apparent that the enemy apprehended coming danger, for on Sunday morning two divisions moved northward along Mission Ridge and took position on his extreme right. All that beautiful Sunday the Rebel lines were restless; trains were moving, brigades passing and repassing, like the sliding pictures in a camera obscura; there was "a fearful looking for" of coming judgment. All that beautiful Sunday there was anxious expectation in Chattanooga; field-glasses were everywhere sweeping the mountains; I walked through the camps, and the boys were a shade less merry than is their wont; the hush of the coming storm was in the air. And so the Sabbath wore away. Then Federal signals flashed from hill to hill along the west, like "the writing on the wall," and through the dusk Howard's columns moved like deeper shadows across the town. All night long I heard the tramp of the men and the hollow rumbling of artillery, and as the moon came up, the sentinels looked down upon it all,

LIKE SENTRIES FROM THE TOWER.

Monday, cloudy and dull, dragged through its morning.

A half-mile from the eastern border of Chattanooga is a long swell of land sparsely sprinkled with houses, flecked thickly with tents, and checkered with two or three graveyards. On its summit stand the red earthworks of Fort Wood, with its great guns frowning from the angles. Mounting the parapet and facing eastward you have a singular panorama. Away to your left is a shining elbow of the Tennessee, a lowland of woods, a long-drawn valley, glimpses of houses. At your right you have wooded undulations with clear intervals extending down and around to the valley at the eastern base of Lookout. From the Fort the smooth ground descends rapidly to a little plain, a sort of trough in the sea, then a fringe of oak woods, then an acclivity, sinking down to a second fringe of woods, until full in front of you, and three fourths of a mile distant, rises Orchard Knob, a conical mound, perhaps a hundred feet high, once wooded, but now bald. Then ledges of rocks and narrow breadths of timber, and rolling sweeps of open ground, for two miles more, until the whole rough and stormy landscape seems to dash against Mission Ridge, three miles distant, that lifts like a sea-wall eight hundred feet high, wooded, rocky, precipitous, wrinkled with ravines. This is, in truth, the grand feature of the scene, for it extends north as far as you can see, with fields here and there cut down through the woods to the ground, and lying on the hillsides like brown linen to bleach; and you feel, as you look at them, as if they are in danger of slipping down the Ridge into the road at its base. And then it curves to the southwest, just leaving you a way out between it and Lookout Mountain. Altogether the rough, furrowed landscape looks as if the Titans had ploughed and forgotten to harrow it. The thinly fringed summit of the Ridge varies in width from twenty to fifty feet, and houses looking like cigarboxes are dotted along it. On the top of that wall are Rebels and batteries; below the first pitch, three hundred feet down, are more rebels and batteries, and still below are their camps and rifle-pits, sweeping five miles. At your right, and in the rear, is Fort Negley, the old "Star" fort of Confederate *regime;* its next neighbor is Fort King, under the frown of Lookout; yet to the right is the battery of Moccasin Point. Finish out the picture on either hand with Federal earthworks and saucy angles, fancy the embankment of the Charleston and Memphis Railroad drawn diagonally, like an awkward score across the plain far at your feet, and I think you have the tremendous theatre, and now what next if not, in Hamlet's words,

"THE PLAY'S THE THING!"

The Federal forces lay along the ridgy slope to the right and left of Fort Wood; the enemy's advance held Orchard Knob in force, and their breastworks and rifle-pits seamed the landscape. At half past twelve o'clock Major-General Granger received an order to make a reconnoissance in force towards the base of Mission Ridge, and feel the enemy, supposed to be massing in our immediate front and on Lookout Mountain. At half past twelve the order came; at one, two divisions of the Fourth Corps made ready to move; at ten minutes before two, twenty-five thousand Federal troops were in line of battle. The line of skirmishers moved lightly out, and swept true as a sword-blade into the edge of the field. You should have seen that splendid line, two miles long, as straight and unwavering as a ray of light. On they went driving in the pickets before them; shots of musketry, like the first great drops of summer rain upon a roof, pattered along the line. One fell here, another there, but still, like joyous heralds before a royal progress, the skirmishers passed on. From wood and rifle-pit, from rocky ledge and mountain-top, sixty-five thousand Rebels watched these couriers bearing the gift of battle in their hands. The bugle sounded from Fort Wood, and the divisions of Wood and Sheridan began to move; the latter, out from the right, threatened a heavy attack; the former, forth from the left, dashed on into the rough road of the battle. Black rifle-pits were tipped with fire; sheets of flame flashed out of the woods; the spatter of musketry deepened into volleys and rolled like muffled drums; hostile batteries open from the ledges; the "Rodmans" joined in from Fort Wood; bursting shell and gusts of shrapnel filled the air; the echoes roused up and growled back from the mountains, the rattle was a roar, and yet those gallant fellows moved steadily on; down the slope, through the wood, up the hills, straight for Orchard Knob as the crow flies, moved the glorious wall of blue.

The air grew dense and blue; the gray cloud of smoke surged up the sides of the valley. It was a terrible journey they were making, those men of ours; and three fourths of a mile in sixty minutes was splendide progress. They neared the Knob; the enemy's fire converged; the arc of batteries poured in upon them lines of fire, like the rays they call a "glory" about the head of Madonna and the child, but they went up the rugged altar of Orchard Knob at the double-quick with a cheer; they wrapped, like a cloak, round an Alabama regiment that defended it, and swept them down on our side of the mound. Prisoners had begun to come in before; they streamed across the field like files of geese. Then on for a second altar, Brush Knob,—nearly a half-mile to the northeast,—and bristling with a battery; it was swept of foes and garnished with Federal blue in thirty minutes.

The Third Division of the Fourth Corps had made a splendid march; they had bent our line outward to the enemy like Apollo's bow, and so Howard at Wood's right and Sheridan at his left, swung out to cut new swaths and leave the edges even, as we went right through this harvest-field of splendid valor and heroic death. At four o'clock Granger's headquarters were on Orchard Knob, and the cruel storm beat on. On the left, fronting the section of the Eleventh Corps led by General Schurz, was a range of rifle-pits whence the stubborn enemy were not driven, and the general, whose quick eye nothing on that broad field escaped, ordered two brisk twelve-pound Parrotts of Bridge's Battery, planted upon Orchard Knob, to give them an enfilading fire where, on his left, the ends of their rifle-pits showed in the edge of the wood like the mouth of a wolf's burrow. You should have seen that motley crew climb out as the splendid fire swept through, and scurry out of sight. It was their ditch, indeed, but they were not quite ready to die in it. The left of the Federal line not advancing to occupy the work, its old tenants crept back one by one, and lay snug as ever. Thrice did Granger sweep the rifle-pits, and General Beattie was ordered round with three regiments to reinforce the left, and

THE LINE CAME SQUARELY UP.

At four o'clock the gallant Hazen, at the head of his brigade, charged the rifle-pits at the right of Orchard Knob, up the hill, carried them at the point of the bayonet, and swooped up three hundred prisoners. Here Major Buck of the Ninty-third Ohio fell mortally wounded, and the Ninty-third and One-Hundred-and-Twenty-fourth Ohio lost thirty killed and one hundred wounded. While the terrible play was going on here, there was neither silence nor inactivity there. Moccasin Point thundered at the camps in the valley at the south, Lookout growled at the Point, Fort King uttered a word on its own account, and Wood laid its shells where it pleased, their little rolls of smoke lying on the Ridge like fleeces of wool.

If you have glance or thought for anything but the grand action of the drama, you can see the signals fluttering like white wings from Fort Wood, from away to the left of the line, from the brow of Orchard Knob, from the left of Raccoon Range across the town. On the summit of Mission Ridge, a little to the southeast of Fort Wood, is a cluster of buildings; a glass will bring them so near that you can discern the gray horse ready saddled at the door. You are looking upon the headquarters of Braxton Bragg. All these hours he has been watching the impetuous surge of Federal gallantry that swept his smoky legions out of their rifle-pits, off from their vantage ground, over the swells, through the selvage of woods, into their rifle-pits and behind their defenses.

Listening with his heart to all the tumult of that terrible afternoon, no man can tell how three little figures can truthfully express the Federal loss, but he must believe and be glad when I tell him that "420" are those figures. The enemy must keep counting on to seven hundred before his bloody roll is called.

Of the heroic coolness of our army, how can I say enough? Moving against thirty thousand men, possessing every advantage of position, defenses, numbers engaged,—everything, indeed, but having chosen a day of battle,—all men will take up the words of General Howard, and pass them round the land: "I knew that Western men would fight well, but I did *not* know that they went into battle and stormed strong works like men on dress parade!"

The battle ends with the ended day, the commanding general is in the centre of his new front far out in the field; the pickets assume their old proximity in a new neighborhood; no musket-shot startles the silence, and behind the fresh breastworks that have carried the heavy labors of soul and sinew far on into the night, the Federal forces sleep upon their arms; to dream, perchance, of fierce assault and sweeping triumph; to wake, perhaps, to a half-reluctant sense of another heavy day of struggle and of blood.

BULL RUN TO WASHINGTON.

THE GREAT SKEDADDLE—BY A SURVIVOR.

The Black-Horse Cavalry—Over the Hills—Through the Woods—Into the Mud, Ker-chug!—O, Lord! Before Us Safety Lies—Away! Quickest Time on Record.

From The National Republican.

It was no subject for merriment—nobody felt like laughing then—but now, after the lapse of twenty years—just listen! The day was fearfully hot (such days always are), and by twelve or one o'clock July 21, 1861, the men were pretty well warmed up for the work before them. We were in Sherman's brigade (he was afterward heard from by way of Atlanta and other points farther South), and of course we were also in the fight. There are thousands living to-day who were in that fight and yet never saw Bull Run. Strange! We were in the fight, but don't propose to draw a picture of the combat; such battles can't be very well described, especially when they happen to wind up with a break-down, followed by an "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost" kind of a dance, the first step of which is easier than all the rest put together. Certain details, however, can be put on paper afterward. Here are a few: Until well along in the afternoon everything conspired to favor the Union arms—that is, in the main. Some valuable officers had fallen, and quite a number of men; but the Rebels had at some points been driven back, at others met with repulse after repulse as they attempted to advance. There was hard fighting and stubborn resistance on both sides until—

GREAT CÆSAR, WHAT A RUSH!

A little squad of rebel horsemen—the famous Black Horse Cavalry—some thirty less than a hundred men, charged down, and report says were mostly killed or wounded. Nobody appeared anxious to ascertain which casualty had befallen them. No one thought of stopping to investigate or even inquire into the matter. Everybody took to the bushes; everybody yelled, "The Black Horse Cavalry are coming" (at least, everybody tried to yell that or something else), and everybody began to survey a route to Washington that would take them to the National Capital in half the distance. We entered upon the arduous undertaking at about sundown, and struck into the pine and cedar underbrush like a locomotive jumping the track into a brier patch. Oh, but we made things fly, and that horrid Black Horse Cavalry close behind! We hadn't gone far when we got the side-ache—and such an ache! We seemed all sides, and felt like taking a rest. Dropping down in a secluded spot, we had just succeeded in smoothing the wrinkles out of one side and getting the cramps out of one leg when that d—d confounded cavalry came ripping and tearing through the bushes.

OH, LORD!

Up we sprang and away we sped, making more noise than ten regiments of horsemen, and—how we perspired! The fellows who had got the start of us, and had been doing a little business in the resting line themselves, heard us coming. They thought we were the Black Horse Cavalry, and the manner in which they blazed a pathway through the timber, leaving shreds and patches of clothing clinging to bush and twig, was a caution. Half a dozen times, just as we felt like doing something else than run, that infernal cavalry came swooping down through the darkness and the dense undergrowth of scrubby timber, and half a dozen times we were forced to flee that the Government might not lose our valuable services. It was perfectly awful. On one occasion one of the hideous monsters came so near that he spoke—called us by name. "What the h—ll does all this mean?" he inquired. "Damfino," we answered, and hastened on without stopping to think that there were thousands of friends following on behind all between us and the enemy. You see the woods couldn't hold us all at once. Well, before a great while we had advanced some considerable distance—but through what dangers pen can never tell, and in what a condition! Faces scratched and seamed by briars and bushes—there were several of us—until they looked like highly colored maps of the full moon; blistered feet, parched tongues, torn clothing, and

PULSE 250 IN THE SHADE,

and running up through the roofs of our fatigue caps. By the way, there is where those caps got their appropriate name. Some of our number proposed a halt, but necessity knew no law then more than now. We must be in Washington before daylight. On we rushed, like a many-legged whirlwind. Suddenly we (in the singular number) came abruptly upon a precipice overlooking a small stream that just at that point ran in close under where we stood. There was no time to reverse motion—no time to think; our impetus was too great, and therefore we shot out into space like a two-hundred-pound projectile from a monster cannon. It was only fifteen feet—we came down, ker-plunker, into a bed of mud bordering the opposite side of the stream. Before we could extricate ourself, the (as we supposed) whole Confederate army, Black Horse Cavalry and all, alighted on top of us. "D—n the man that jumped first!" roared one, as his heels took us a lick in the head. "Ouch! its kilt intirely I am!" yelled another, as his knees caromed on our spinal column. "For Goddlemity's sake help me out of this!" screamed another. Meanwhile we crept out of the entanglement of legs, arms, and bodies, beneath

A CANOPY OF "CUSS" WORDS,

and hastened toward the north star, leaving a muddy trail behind. Somehow or other the covering of one of our locomotors had been split along the outer seam from ankle to waistband. It had also become so encrusted with mud that it was as stiff and unyielding as so many square feet of boiler iron. Just imagine a fellow's walking, much less running, with a piece of boiler iron three feet long, two feet wide, and seven feet thick, so suspended that it was bound to interfere with both legs! It took between forty-two minutes and daylight to reach Aqueduct Bridge with such a drawback; and when the bridge was reached, "Hallo! halt there! Where are you going with that gun?" yelled an officer. Thunder and lightning! We had really brought off our gun and equipments complete. He put us on guard to prevent stragglers from passing over to the city. That made us feel good; we were not a straggler. Our bare limb and boiler-iron pantaloon leg attested that fact. The sun was well up when

A MULE-MAN CAME DASHING DOWN

the hill from the direction of Fort Corcoran. The man was portly, red-faced, red-headed (a bandanna handkerchief in place of hat or cap), and badly scared. He looked like an Englishman, and some said it was Bull Run Russell. He passed. All day long the living tide kept pouring in; and, as one after another of the gallant boys came to the post of danger, we were pleased to behold hundreds who evidently had experienced a worse time than the man who bade them halt. It wasn't a bit funny then, however; but, now it is all over, laugh as much as you please. Nobody will care.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

Surgeon-General J. K. Barnes, of the Army, issued the following yesterday:

"All disbursements connected with the furnishing of artificial limbs to those disabled in the public service have been made from this office since June 30, 1876. The First Comptroller of the Treasury, however, has recently made a decision, the purport of which is given in his own words, as follows:

"'After a most careful examination, and with an anxious desire to see if, by any legal means, the Surgeon-General could disburse the appropriation here referred to, I have been constrained to decide that the Commissioner of Pensions is alone authorized to disburse the money.'

"So long as this decision continues in force, no money for artificial limbs or commutation can be drawn from the Treasury on the application of this office. Some delay will be unavoidable until the Commissioner of Pensions shall have completed such arrangements as may be found necessary."

CROP PROSPECTS.

The figures for August 1, showing the condition of the crops, will be found to vary very much from the July showing. The report will show the loss on the wheat crop, as compared with last year, to be 60 or 70 per cent. greater than it appeared to be from the July statement. The corn crop will make a better showing than in July, while cotton and tobacco will be fair. The Agricultural Department officials say that the great loss of the year will be on the wheat, probably, as there is yet time for corn to come out all right. The cotton-worm has not yet done much damage, and the August report will show a very favorable condition for this staple. The reports are made on August 1, and come in and are collected for publication by the 15th. The report just published is the important one for the year, and it is estimated that a shortage will be indicated in the yield of wheat of about 125,000,000 bushels as compared with last year.

NO AMERICAN SHIPS AT LEGHORN.

Consul William T. Rice, of Leghorn, reports that no American vessel arrived at or cleared from that port during the quarter ending March 31, 1881, and that none were advertised to arrive, the whole carrying trade between there and the United States being confined to foreign ships, twenty-eight foreign steamers having cleared for United States ports during that quarter, besides several sailing vessels. In times past it was the exception for two or three American vessels not to be loading in that port at once; whereas now it is a rare sight to see one at all. The exports from Leghorn to the United States for the last year were valued at $2,288,640.48, nearly all in foreign bottoms.

GETTING READY FOR SHIPMENTS.

The new elevator just completed near South Ferry, Brooklyn, is described as the largest in the country. It has been over a year in building, and has cost nearly $2,000,000. It has a storage capacity of 2,500,000 bushels, besides superior facilities and dockage for half a dozen vessels, which can load at one time. The machinery is contained in an independent engine house and three enormous towers. The warehouse proper consists of a large number of separate fire-proof stores.

GRAIN GAMBLERS.

The grain speculators, taking advantage of the unfavorable crop reports, are beginning to put up prices.

At the Rochester races Maud S. trotted a mile in 2.10½.

YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL.

THE SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS.

Preparations for Celebrating the Event—The General Government and All the States and Territories to Take Part. France to Send Troops and Ships—A Grand Affair.

October 19th of the present year is the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Yorktown by the British to the Americans and their French allies, and preparations are being made to celebrate the event in a becoming manner. The chief object of the assembly will be the dedication of a commemorative monument to be erected upon the spot where the surrender took place; but the occasion will also afford a golden opportunity for the veterans of the late war, North and South, to meet upon a field, the glory of which belongs to neither section, but to the whole country, and there take the steps that shall reunite our people so that they shall stand, as in the days of the Revolution, shoulder to shoulder, with the Old Flag overhead.

The civic, military, and naval display will be finer than any ever before witnessed in the United States.

The President and Cabinet, both Houses of Congress, the Governors of the States and Territories, municipal bodies, masonic and other organizations are to be present; and each one of the original thirteen States will, in addition, be represented by some of its choicest troops. All the vessels belonging to the Navy that can be spared from their stations will be present to take part in a grand Naval review.

France, it is understood, will send one or more war vessels, and a regiment of Guards or of troops of the line, and it is also expected that one of the descendents of General Lafayette, together with those of other prominent Frenchmen who took part in the struggle for American liberty, will be present.

The festivities will continue for several days, beginning October 18th; and already excursion parties are being organized with a view to furnishing transportation at a price that shall leave no reasonable excuse to any patriotic citizen for not being upon the ground for at least a part of the time. No soldier who can afford the means to make the journey should fail to do so. Going or returning Washington can be visited, and from Yorktown Richmond, the fields of the Seven Days' battles, Petersburg, and other points of interest are easily accessible; and there will be thousands of the gallant men who once wore the Gray waiting to receive and welcome those who wore the Blue, and to extend a fraternal greeting that can but conduce to the National good. Taken all in all it will doubtless prove a grand affair.

GENERAL ROBERT PATTERSON.

Close of an Eventful Career.

General Robert Patterson died at his residence in Philadelphia on the 7th inst., in his eighty-ninth year, from disease of the kidneys and heart. General Patterson was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, January 12, 1792.

He came, while young, to the United States, and was placed with a merchant in Philadelphia. Receiving a collegiate education, he entered the service as second lieutenant in the Regular Army in the War of 1812, and served on the Canadian frontier under Generals Scott, Gaines, and Ripley, and in 1814 was made Captain of the Thirty-second Infantry. After peace was declared in 1815, he resigned his commission, and returning to commercial life, became largely engaged in manufactures, and owned several mills. At the beginning of the Mexican War, in 1846, he was made a Major-General of volunteers. He commanded his division at Cerro Gordo, led the cavalry and advanced brigades in pursuit, and the next morning captured Jalapa, receiving the thanks of General Scott. He commanded the three-months' Pennsylvania volunteers in 1861, was assigned to a military department composed of the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, and crossed the Potomac June 15, at Williamsport. When General McDowell advanced into Virginia, Patterson was instructed to remain at Winchester to hold in check the force of General Joseph E. Johnston. His failure to do this, in consequence of which Johnston reinforced Beauregard at Manassas, July 21, 1861, exposed him to severe military criticism, and he called for a court of inquiry which was not granted. He left the service July 27, 1861. In 1865 he published "A Narrative of the Campaign in the Valley of the Shenandoah in 1861," in vindication of his conduct. He was considered a brave and good soldier, notwithstanding whatever error he may have committed in that campaign. He was also regarded as a man of many high and generous qualities, and he had a host of friends among military officers. General Grant was always a great admirer of General Patterson. In civil life he was a gentleman of the old school—somewhat punctilious—a rigid disciplinarian—and yet ever considerate of the feelings of others. He was possessed of large wealth, and yet personally of extremely frugal habits. He was, however, charitable, a good citizen, and warm friend—a man whose loss will be severely felt, not only in the community in which he lived, but elsewhere, and one of the few remaining links connecting the present with the early days of the Republic.